

Good Boy by zerie

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Summary:

Steve and Jonathan have been seeing each other in secret for some time. Steve gave Jonathan a toy to "practice" with, and when he sees how much Jonathan has been practicing on his own, he says he's been a good boy. Good boys get rewards.

Good Boy

Jonathan laid on his back, staring up at his ceiling from his bed. From beyond his closed door, he could hear the sound of the TV in his living room, where his mother and brother were watching a movie.

"I don't feel so well," he had lied to them. "I think I'm gonna go get some rest."

His mother's worried expression made him feel guilty even now....

Jonathan reached into his pocket and pulled out the crumpled note that had been thrown at him.

9pm , the note said. *I hope you've been practicing.*

With a gulp, Jonathan looked at the clock. 9:15. Late.

Just as he thought that, he heard a knock at his window that made his heart leap to his throat. He jumped off the bed and went to the window, unlatched it quickly with shaking hands, and pushed it open with a grunt.

Jonathan gave a weak smile at the familiar face in front of him, and helped Steven into his room as quietly as possible. "You're late," he complained in a whisper, looking back at his door. It was locked, and the TV was loud, but he was sure his heart was beating so loud his mother and brother could hear it.

"The movie ran late," he explained as he closed the window again.

The thought made Jonathan frown. He knew Nancy was just a cover, but he still didn't like hearing about their dates.

Steven's hands clamped down around the bulge in Jonathan's pants so suddenly it made him cry out a little. "Have you been practicing?"

Jonathan's thoughts flashed to the dildo hidden between his mattress and nodded quickly. Steve's grip loosened at his answer and smiled. "Good boy," he said, letting his hands slide up and down the bulge.

“Look at you!” he said with a mocking glance downward. “Have you been thinking about tonight since I gave you that letter?”

Steve could feel Jonathan getting harder under his pants, and leaned over to kiss his neck. Jonathan gave a slight whimper as Steve took his hands and slid them down between his own legs. Jonathan groaned slightly when he felt how hard Steve was for him, too.

“I’m gonna fuck you,” whispered Steve as he bit gently into his neck. “And if you’re a good boy, I’ll let you have fun too. Does that sound good?”

Jonathan nodded quietly, and jumped when Steve gave his ass a squeeze. “Good. Now take off your clothes.”

Jonathan did as he was told, first removing his shirt, and then his pants and briefs. He covered his hardness from Steven’s hungry gaze and looked away in embarrassment.

Steve smacked Jonathan’s hands away and said, “Bad. Let me see it!” Jonathan stood naked and hard in the middle of his bedroom with a red face. His eyes were closed tight, and he didn’t see Steven fall to his knees in front of him.

His mouth closed around the tip of Jonathan’s erect cock, and with slow, practiced turns of his tongue, Steven sucked for just a moment. With a wet smack, he pulled away from Jonathan and said, “Good boy. See what happens when you behave?”

Jonathan nodded and looked down at Steve with his sad, brown eyes.

Steven was beginning to feel uncomfortable within his own jeans. He undid them, and pulled them down along with his boxers. Jonathan watched him as he removed his shirt, and when the two of them were equally naked, he dared to reach out and touch Steven’s flat stomach.

Steven grabbed Jonathan by the wrist, and yanked him forward so their chests collided and their faces were inches apart. “Did I say you can touch me?”

“N-no sir.”

Steven's member throbbed at his tone. "That's what I thought."

With a quick shove, Jonathan fell backwards onto his bed. Steven was on top of him in seconds. He looked down at Jonathan's bewildered expression, and grinded into him, letting their members stiffen further, sandwiched between their bodies. Jonathan moaned, and let his head fall back.

Steven felt him grow between them, felt his member stretch up the length of his abs, and felt it throb dangerously.

Steven bit down hard on Jonathan's shoulder, and stopped moving. Jonathan didn't stop, however. When Steven held still, Jonathan began to rock his hips upward, his breath shaking in Steven's ear.

He bit down even harder, until Jonathan gave a little cry and stopped. "Bad boy," said Steven between his clamped teeth. "You can't cum. You don't deserve it yet."

Jonathan gave another whimper, but didn't put up a fight. Steven felt Jonathan's throbbing member slow, and only when he was convinced he wasn't going to cum did Steve start moving again. This time, more slowly, and as he grinded himself into Jonathan, he licked and kissed his way up his neck.

Steven liked Nancy well enough, to be sure, but he always thought of her more as a friend. When they slept together, Steven felt wrong. Everything about her body was wrong.

Steve slid his hands up Jonathan's side, and let his fingers fan out on his chest. *This is what a chest should feel like*, he thought as he moved to touch the muscles on Jonathan's arms. *This is what an arm should feel like...*

Steven shifted his body and kissed Jonathan full on the mouth. *And this is what a mouth should taste like.*

Steve's groan was involuntary as he felt a wave of pleasure ripple through him. He pulled away, and flipped Jonathan over onto his stomach. "Are you ready?" Steve asked. He grabbed Jonathan by the waist and hoisted his ass into the air in front of him.

From where he sat, Steve saw Jonathan's member jump with every throb, and when he nodded eagerly, the view turned him on so much, Steve had to concentrate on not cumming. "Where's the lube I gave you."

Jonathan pointed at the side table by his bed, and Steve found it in the drawer. "It's almost gone," he said sharply. "I told you to only use it for practicing with the toy I gave you."

He looked at Steve with his big sad eyes and said, "I did! I only used it to practice."

"Swear to me?"

Jonathan looked away in shame. "I did use it mostly for practice! It's just that...It felt so good, and I would think of you and...I *had* to cum! I wouldn't be able to sleep if I did that every night without cumming."

Steven slid his index finger inside of Jonathan suddenly. Jonathan moaned and squirmed in front of him, his member throbbing as Steven pulled it out and pushed it back in again.

"You think about me when you use your toy?"

Jonathan nodded and whimpered again. Steven removed his finger and grabbed Jonathan by the testicles. Gently, he rolled them in his hands and watched as Jonathan's knees weakened with pleasure. "Good boy," said Steve, adding some lube to his member. "You told the truth. You were bad for disobeying me, but I won't punish you this time."

Steve pulled his hands away and gave Jonathan a quiet slap. "Fix your position," he said. Jonathan obediently rose back up on his knees, and presented him with his ass. "Good boy," he said again, as he pressed the tip of his member against Jonathan's opening.

Jonathan moaned as Steve slid slowly inside of him. He was so hot, and tight. Steve was worried about hurting him, but Jonathan seemed impatient for more.

When he was halfway in, Steve paused for a good look. He slid his

hands across Jonathan's ass and up his back. Steven throbbed sharply and listened to his boy moan again. "Do you like that?" he asked. Jonathan nodded, and wiggled his ass like a dog. "I can feel you growing inside of me."

Steve held his breath and reached under to squeeze Jonathan's cock. He stopped wiggling and gave a pitiful cry. "I didn't say you could move!" His words hissed out of him as he throbbed, dangerously close to cumming once again. *Damn him!* he thought angrily, *He is to fucking sexy!*

"I'm sorry!" Jonathan's voice was muffled in his pillow as he bit down on it. "I won't do it again! I'll be good!"

Steven gritted his teeth, and willed himself not to cum yet. He let go of Jonathan's member, and continued sliding forward, until finally, he was all the way in. Jonathan groaned and slid his knees farther apart, deepening Steven's reach, until he was so far inside of him he could feel their testicles touching.

"You practiced so well," praised Steven with a shaking voice. He let his hands squeeze at Jonathan's ass.

"Am I a good boy, Master?"

Jonathan's words caught Steven by surprise, and as he throbbed with pleasure inside of him, Jonathan moaned a little. "A very good boy," he said, giving a short, hard thrust that made Jonathan bite down harder onto his pillow. "Do you want to be rewarded now?"

Jonathan nodded eagerly.

"What would you like as your reward?"

Jonathan let go of his pillow, and turned his head as far as he could to look back at Steven. His eyes were large, hooded, and pleading. "I want master to cum inside me."

Steven gritted his teeth and felt Jonathan tighten around him defiantly. "Fuck me, Master," he whispered.

Any resemblance of control that he might have had before then was

now lost. Steven grabbed onto Jonathan's waist tightly and began thrusting so hard their bodies started to make a wet, slapping sound.

It wasn't long before Steven erupted inside of Jonathan's ass, grunting and groaning with pleasure. He came so hard, Jonathan had to bite back down onto his pillow until Steve's throbbing member was done pumping him full of semen.

Jonathan collapsed into the bed, breathing heavily, but when Steven turned him around he saw he was still hard as a rock. "Good boy," said Steven breathlessly as he slid down so that his face was hovering over Jonathan's erection. "You didn't cum yet. Are you ready for your reward?"

Jonathan nodded eagerly as Steven let his lip close around his member, and slide all the way down it. Jonathan let his head fall back as he felt his member hit the back of Steven's throat. "Is this what you want?" Steve after sliding Jonathan's cock back out of his mouth.

"Yes, please master..."

Steve smiled and went back to sucking on his boys cock. Wet slurping noises filled their ears as Steven licked and sucked at the length of Jonathan's member. Steve had an idea suddenly, and without freeing Jonathan from his mouth, he parted his legs again so he could slide two fingers into his ass.

Jonathan moaned in pleasure, but Steve wasn't done there. When his fingers were as far as they could go, he began to wiggle them around. Jonathan grunted loudly and thrust his hips upward in an almost involuntary manner. Steven took all of Jonathan into his mouth again, and pumped his head up and down as he twirled his finger. Everytime Jonathan's member hit the back of his throat, he groaned, and gripped the sheets of his bed more tightly in his fists. Steve had his cock so far down his throat, that when he came, there was nothing to be done but let it slide down in massive, pulsing waves.

Steve slid his finger out of Jonathan, and licked him clean.

"Such a good boy," he muttered, kissing his way up Jonathan's

stomach.

Jonathan gave an exhausted sigh, and accepted Steven's kisses as he made his way up to his lips. "You are too sexy," muttered Steve into Jonathan's ears as he bit and licked there too.

Jonathan laughed and rolled on top of Steve. "Not as sexy as you...Next time I'm in charge." Steven nodded, and gave a cocky grin, "Whatever you say, Master..."